

THE ATHENS POST.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

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TERMS:

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THE POST.

ATHENS, FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1850.

BOUNTY LANDS TO SOLDIERS IN THE TEXAN WAR.—The Texas Legislature at its last session passed an act granting bounty lands to those gallant soldiers who fought under Fannin and Travis, together with the Santa Fe prisoners and their heirs. The bill provides that heads of families shall receive 4650 acres, and single men 1451 acres. As there may be some of the survivors of these gallant men and perhaps some of the men themselves still living in this State, we make the publication for their benefit. It is certainly an act of justice on the part of Texas to which these daring soldiers were well entitled.

Rev. H. B. Bascom has been elected Bishop of the Methodist E. Church, South, and Bishop Soule has been advised "to cease as far as is proper by reason of his age and debility from the arduous labors of his office."

The Republic of the 20th inst., contains Mr. Hall's salutatory. It is written with characteristic ability and perspicuity. We have only room for a single paragraph.

But whatever differences of opinion may exist in the Whig ranks, and between the North and the South, upon the exciting subject of African slavery, or whatever discounts may prevail among Whigs at the present moment on other accounts, we have an abiding confidence that those differences will in time be reconciled; that those discounts will pass away, and that the union of the Whig party like the union of the States, will be firmly established and long endure, to illustrate the excellence of our institutions, and to bear our country onward in the career of prosperity and glory, so happily entered upon, to the highest point attainable by human wisdom.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—It has been beautifully said of Washington, that "God caused him to be childless in order that the Nation might call him Father."

Every demagogue can excite passions; it takes a great man to allay them. Small crafts rise and sink with the billows, the ship of the line divides the waves on her passage.

The Whig Convention of Ohio has nominated Hon. William Johnson, Judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati, as the Whig candidate for Governor.

MAKE YOURSELVES.—If there is a man who has any right to be proud, it is he who can stand up before the world and say: "I have made myself." Relying on no influential friends, on no inherited wealth, on nothing but indomitable zeal and spotless virtue, he has worked his way from poverty to wealth—from ignorance to knowledge—from obscurity to distinction. Why should he not be proud. But such men are never lifted up by vanity. They are always meek and humble. They are the men who are safe patrons for all to follow. They never forget the pit whence they were taken; the kind hand of Providence which led them all the way through trial and sorrow up to the present hour.

BAD LUCK.—The Rev. H. W. Beecher, in a late lecture, alluding to what is commonly called good and bad luck, says: "When I see a tatterdemalion creeping out of a doggy hole in the afternoon, with his hands stuck in his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck—for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler."

A Washington correspondent of the New-York Express, says: "Mr. Webster has a small pamphlet forthcoming from the press; being a letter in reply to the Newburyport Letter, in which he goes into the constitutional argument relative to the giving up of fugitive slaves. It will make a sensation."

The sinner is the devil's mill, always grinding, and Satan is careful ever to keep the hopper full.

THE WASHINGTON UNION AND THE COMPROMISE.

Mr. Ritchie, of the Union, comes out warmly in favor of the Compromise, and calls upon the Democratic party to rally to its support, as it is destined to receive the approval of a large majority of the American people. Mr. Ritchie says:

"Having said thus much, it is needless for us to say that we sustain the great principle of compromise proposed by the Committee of Thirteen, and we shall not fail to exert ourselves in order to bring the popular mind to its support, by presenting the subject to the people in a plain and intelligible manner. When that is done, we confidently believe that the great mass of the Southern and Northern people will be united in favor of the compromise—not meaning, of course, to exclude any special modifications which Congress may, in its wisdom, and after full deliberation and discussion, think proper to adopt. In times like these, it behooves every man who loves his country to stand by his country. Whatever fate may befall us, we shall follow the dictates of duty and patriotism. We are but atoms on a mountain side, compared to the great interests which depend on the harmonious and continued union of this great confederacy. The prosperity and happiness of a great people—the progress of civilization and Christianity—the success of great principles—are not to be weighed in the balance against personal considerations: we will not weigh them but relying on the right, we shall discharge our duty to the best of our ability, and leave the consequences to Providence and the people."

WHY WOMEN ARE UNHEALTHY.—Many of the physical evils—the want of vigor, the inaction of system, the languor and hysterical affections—which are so prevalent among the delicate young women of the present day, may be traced to a want of well trained mental powers, and well exercised self-control, and to an absence of fixed habits of employment. Real cultivation of the intellect—earnest exercise of the moral powers—the enlargement of the mind by the acquirement of knowledge, and the strengthening of its capabilities for effort, for firmness, for endurance of inevitable evils, and for energy in combating such as they may overcome, are the ends which education has to attain; weakness but becomes infirmity. The power of the mind over the body is immense. Let that power be called forth; let it be trained and exercised, and vigor both of mind and body will be the result. There is a homely, unpolished saying, that it is better to wear out than to rust out; but it tells a plain truth; rust consumes faster than use. Better—a million times better—to work hard, even to the shortening of existence, than to sleep and eat away this precious gift of life, giving no other cognizance of its possession.

BREAKERS AHEAD—RALLY TO THE COMPROMISE.—The Washington Correspondent of the Louisville Courier says:

The debate of to-day, if properly weighed by the public, cannot but satisfy them that there is more danger to be apprehended from keeping this slavery question an open one, than heretofore they have been willing to concede existed. For a long time I was indifferent to results, from a prevailing delusion that there was no danger; but my close observation of what has transpired in this Congress during the past six months, has opened my eyes to the real danger that exists, and satisfied me our Union was resting upon a thin crust of lava, underneath which was a burning and consuming volcano. Men who at first shuddered at the idea of a separation of these States, now, not only look on with indifference, but have commenced a cold calculation of the advantages and disadvantages that are to grow out of such separation.

THEORY OF MARRIAGE.—There was a merry fellow supped with Plato two thousand years ago and the conversation turned upon love and the choice of wives. He said "He had learned from a very early tradition that man was created male and female, with a duplicate set of limbs, and performed his locomotive functions; with a rotary movement as a wheel; that he became in consequence so excessively violent that Jupiter, indignant, split him in two. Since that time each runs through the world in quest of the other half. If the original halves meet they are a very loving couple; otherwise they are subject to a miserable, scolding, peevish, and uncongenial matrimony. The search, he said, was rendered difficult, for the reason that one man alighted upon a half that did not belong to him, another did necessarily the same, till the whole affair was thrown into irretrievable confusion."

SARCASM.—Mr. B. was one of the oddest men that ever lived. He was noted for his wit and sarcasm, and was known to have considerable trouble in his family. Parson A. called on him one day, and in the course of conversation asked him if he had any treasure laid up in Heaven? "Sartin, sartin," replied the old man, with a doleful look, "I guess they must be there if any where—I haist got none a'id up t'home I say, sartin."

ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN MECHANICS.

Do not send abroad for help, if you have work to do—when it can be done in your own neighborhood—perhaps at your next door. Encourage your own honest, industrious, faithful mechanics. They need all the work they can get. By such a course, you keep money at home—assist the worthy, and have just as good work performed. It is the only way to make a town prosper—to support your schools and churches. Where there is a disposition to send a hundred miles for articles that, to say the least, could be manufactured as well at your own door, there will always be little or no business done in the place—the churches will be thinly attended and all kinds of labor extremely dull. Wherever mechanics are the best employed, prosperity is seen—the social virtues predominate—travelling mountebanks and pedlars retire in disgust, and a kindly, brotherly feeling is experienced, which is the source of unspeakable happiness.

Whatever you have to be done, look around and see if your neighbors cannot do it. If you have a house to build or a shoe to tap, a harness to be made or a pump to be bored, a pack of cards to be printed or a well to be dug, just look among your neighbors, before you undertake to send abroad, and if you have none around you capable of the task, it will be time enough to look elsewhere. It is a wrong idea, to suppose nothing is serviceable that is made at home. We know of many an instance where men have refused to purchase work made by their neighbors, and sent to a distant city for the articles they needed, and paid a third more for them, when behold, they had been manufactured and sent away to sell by the very neighbors of whom they refused to purchase.

Let it be the motto of all—I will encourage my own neighbors. In turn you will be encouraged also. A mutual feeling of good will and kindness will spring up in your midst, and prosperity will be observable in every street and in every dwelling.

SUMMIT.—We do wish our ministers would learn to be short. Short hymns, short prayers, short sermons for us. Why give out a dozen stanzas to sing—offer a prayer twenty or thirty minutes long, to be followed by a sermon that extends beyond sixty minutes? We have yet to hear of a conversion from long singing, long praying, or long preaching. "Thou art the man," will oftentimes accomplish more than a volume. "Lord, have mercy upon me," is a prayer sufficiently long, when the heart feels the need of divine assistance. How long did it take to deliver the sermon on the mount? Let some of our modern sermonizers answer. How long was Christ offering his inimitable prayer? Let those who love to offer prayers to be heard of men answer. Short is the word—let every thing be short, short, short.

We published some time ago, upon what we thought pretty reliable authority, that a live baby had been picked up floating on the waters of the "broad Pee Dee." It turns out however, as we learn from the last Observer, that the report is untrue. We are glad to hear this; it relieves all suspicion, and vindicates the morality of the country.

We must regret however, the disappointment of the editor of the Observer in not seeing this "imaginary Moses," after having performed a journey of some forty-five miles. To some people a baby is a curiosity.—*Georgetown Republican.*

Mankind, it is said, may be divided into three distinct classes—those who are too stubborn to abandon error, even after conviction—those who are so glibly as to be easily bamboozled and deceived—and those who are possessed of good common sense, and use it to the best advantage in directing their actions and shaping their opinions.

A RESEMBLANCE.—"Colonel W. is a fine looking man, isn't he?" said a friend of ours the other day. "Yes," replied another, "I was taken for him once."—"You! why you are as ugly as sin!" "I don't care for that—I endorsed his note, and was taken for him by the sheriff."

A PROLIFIC TREE.—It is avowed by the Showhegan (Me.) Clarion that a Mr. Fletcher Thompson felled a pine tree in the Dead River, from which he obtained 400 feet of timber, and four bears!

THE ROTHSCHILDS.—It is said that the fortune of the Rothschilds is not less than seven hundred and thirty-five millions of francs, or twenty nine millions four hundred thousand pounds British money, about one hundred and forty-five millions of dollars.

Satan's fiercest temptations are usually directed against the most gracious hearts—he is too crafty a pirate to attack an empty vessel.

INDIAN LUXURY.

Francis Parkman, in his new work on California and Oregon, gives the following account of a luxury served up for him by a Dacotah Indian woman. John Chinaman would have relished it much better than our author. He says:

"I had observed some time before a litter of well-grown puppies comfortably nestled on some buffalo robes on one side; but this new comer speedily disturbed their enjoyment, for seizing one of them by the hind paw, she dragged him out, and carrying him to the entrance of the lodge, hammered him on the head till she killed him. Being quite conscious to what this preparation tended, I looked through a hole in the back of the lodge to see the next process. The squaw holding the puppy by the legs, was swinging him to and fro through a blaze of fire, until the hair was singed off. This done, she unsheathed her knife and cut him into small pieces, which she dropped into a kettle to boil. In a few minutes a large wooden dish was set before us, filled with this delicate preparation. We felt conscious of the honor. A dog feast is the greatest compliment a Dacotah can offer to his guest; and knowing that to refuse eating would be an affront we attacked the little dog and devoured him."

The N. Y. Courier & Enquirer thus comments upon the Washington Union's articles in relation to the recent change in the Republic:

The Union is in a terrible passion on account of the change of Editors in the Republic. It denounces General Taylor as having been guilty of the most horrible ingratitude, in excluding Bullitt, who "did more to elect him than all his Cabinet put together." If promotion is to be based upon this ground, the Union should prefer a claim. No paper in the country did more to elect Gen. Taylor than that one. Its incessant, virulent abuse, did him more good than the praise of his best friends. But the Union's position must not be changed. Its abuse is as necessary to sustain General Taylor as it was to elect him. The Union is in an agony of grief lest this change in the Republic, and the retention of the Cabinet, should injure the Whig party. It utters solemn warnings upon the subject. It calls upon the country not to be deceived upon this point—not to believe the President's assurance, given through the intelligence, that the Cabinet is united. The Union knows better, and for the good of the Whig party, it is willing to give the world the benefit of its knowledge. Self-sacrificing, high-minded Father Ritchie! What can the Whig party do in return for such gratuitous and superserviceable kindness!

LOVELINESS.—What constitutes true loveliness?—Not the polished brow, the gaudy dress, nor the show and parade of fashionable life. A woman may have all the outward marks of beauty, and yet not possess a lovely character. It is the benevolent disposition—the kind acts—and the christian deportment. It is in the heart where meekness, truth, affection, humility are found—where we look for loveliness, nor do we look in vain. The woman who can soothe the aching heart, smooth the wrinkled brow, alleviate the anguish of the mind, and pour the balm of consolation in the wounded breast, possesses, in an eminent degree, true loveliness of character. She is the real companion of man, and does the work of an angel. It is such a character that blesses with warmth and sunshine, and maketh earth to resemble the paradise of God.

SAVE YOUR SOAPSUDS.—There is scarcely a plant that is not benefited by watering with soapsuds. It furnishes nutritive matter as well as moisture—keeps off insects, and promotes a rapid growth. The *Georgetown Chronicle* states that while there has been a great failure in the cabbage and cauliflower gardens generally, those watered with soapsuds have produced plants of the finest quality, and entirely escaped the injuries inflicted by insects upon others.

SHORT SERMON.—Deen Swift was once asked to preach a short charity sermon.—He complied with the request. The sermon is, perhaps, the shortest one on record. We will quote it entire.

Text:—"He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord."

Sermon:—"If you like the security, down with the dust."

The effect was electrical. An unusually large collection was taken up immediately after.

ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—The South Boston Gazette first published the following: At one time Daniel Webster had a difficult case to plead, and a verdict was rendered against his client. One of the witnesses came to him and said, "Mr. Webster, if I had thought we should have lost the case, I might have testified a great deal more than I did." "It is of no consequence," replied the lawyer, "the jury did not believe a word you said."

BURIED ALIVE.—A German who had taken a large quantity of laudanum, at St. Louis, was pronounced dead, and after the coffin had been lowered into the grave, a noise was heard within. On taking off the lid he was found to be still breathing, but in a few moments died beyond all recovery. He had turned himself over in his coffin.

TOO BUSY.

A merchant sat at his office desk; various letters were spread before him, his whole being was absorbed in the intricacies of his business. A zealous friend of mankind entered the office:—

"I want to interest you a little in a new effort for the Temperance cause, said the good man. The merchant cut him off by replying:

"Sir, you must excuse me; but really I'm too busy to attend to that subject now."

"But, sir, temperance is on the increase among us," said the friend.

"It is! I'm sorry, but I'm too busy at present to do anything."

"When shall I call again, sir?"

"I cannot tell. I'm very busy—I'm busy every day. Excuse me, Sir, I wish you a good morning."

Then bowing the intruder out of the office he resumed the study of his papers. The merchant had frequently repulsed the friends of humanity in this manner. No matter what was the object, he was too busy to listen to their claims. He had even told his minister he was too busy for any thing but to make money.

But, one morning, a disagreeable stranger stepped very softly to his side, saying, "Go home with me." The merchant laid down his pen; his head grew dizzy; his stomach felt faint and sick, he left the counting-room, went home, and retired to his chamber. His unwelcome visitor had followed him, and now took his place by the bed-side, whispering, ever and anon—"You must go with me."

A cold chill settled on the merchant's heart; dim spectres of ships, notes, houses and lands flitted before his excited mind. Still his pulse beat slower, his heart heaved heavily, thick films gathered over his eyes, his tongue refused to speak. Then the merchant knew that the name of the visitor was Death. All other claimants on his attention, except the friends of Mammon, had always found a quick dismissal in the magic phrase, "I'm too busy." Humanity, Mercy, Religion, had alike begged his influence, means, and attention in vain. But when death came, the excuse was powerless; he was compelled to have leisure to die.

Let us beware how we make ourselves too busy to secure Life's great end. When the excuse rises to our lips, and we are about to say, that we are too busy to do good, let us remember, we cannot be too busy to die.

BE HOPEFUL.

Yield not thy heart unto despair,
But ever with thy sorrows cope!
Nor lowly sink, but bravely bear,
And in this life of trial and care
Ever fondly cherish hope!

Affliction's cloud may darkly lower
O'er thy weary, desolate way,
Yet in this, thy darkest hour,
Hope will give thy spirit power,
If thou cast it not away.

Cheerfully live for future years!
Bear thee up against thy grief!
Oh! banish gloomy doubts and fears,
Nor weakly shed those burning tears!
Live in hope and firm belief!

THE MAN OF INTEGRITY.—A man cannot acquire a good reputation in a few months; it is the work of years. The man of integrity has been laboring his whole life to discharge faithfully his duty to God and his fellow-creatures. He has stooped to no mean act; he has presented no gilded bait to deceive or betray; he has put no false coloring upon fact; he has not bowed the knee to wealth or power.—Just where he was found—at home or abroad—he was the same conscientious, humble man. No one is afraid to trust him; implicit confidence is placed in his word. He goes not after honor; it seeks him. Such a man is the life and soul of the community in which he lives; the public spirited citizen; the devout Christian; the benevolent, kind-hearted, faithful friend. Would you be thus respected? Imitate his excellent example. Yield to no unholy influence. Study to do right, and make not money nor power your god. Years you may labor for such a reputation; but the glory of such a life, we have no words to express. Eternity only can reveal it.

SUFFICIENT PROVOCATION.—Let a man be ever so mild and patient in his disposition, yet if you stick the toe of your boot in his mouth, poke smutty tongs in his whiskers, whip off his coat tail with your penknife, put half bricks in his soup, or open oysters with his razor, ten to one he will resent the insinuation.

THE TRIALS OF MARRIED LIFE.—We have a friend—an excellent husband and doting father—who came in our office the other day looking rather sleepy.

"What is the matter with you?" we inquired, with a hesitating voice.—"babies are some trouble after all, ain't they?"

Of course we nodded an indifferent assent, but could not help asking "how?"

"Why the fact is," said our friend, "that little fellow of ours is getting to be very knowing, and will be humored now and then—so I get up occasionally and walk him to sleep—but last night, both wife and self had to carry him alternately, and—"

"Surely two are not required—"

"Hear me out. You see the child wanted novelty, and so I lighted a candle, and as my wife carried him up and down the room, I walked after her, making all sorts of queer manœuvres, with the light."

"Well, did that pacify him?"

"Why, yes, after a fashion. It stopped his crying, but we consumed a whole candle and the best portion of the night, before he fell asleep, and the consequence is I feel wretchedly stale this morning."

Now, old bachelor, laugh, if you feel like it, and let this be a caution to you.

FRED DOUGLAS THRASHED.—The New York Globe, under the head of "unblushing impudence and merited punishment," gives the following account of what happened on Friday last, in Broadway:

"Fred Douglas, the impudent Negro who has of late taken upon himself the privilege of abusing our country, its Patriots and Constitution, without having that chastisement which he so richly merited at the hands of our Republicans, who would condescend to notice his blasphemy and negroism, had the audacity yesterday to walk down Broadway, the principal promenade of our city, with two white females resting on his arms. Several citizens who had noticed this disgraceful scene, followed the impudent scamp to the Battery. On observing that he was watched, the negro commenced laughing and sneering at the gentlemen who were behind him. One of them could not withstand the provoked and justifiable temptation to award to the negro that punishment which his daring rascality had subjected him to. The gentleman stepped up to him and politely requested the females to leave their ebony companion, and place themselves under the protection of a gentleman who was standing near-by. The women very quietly did as they were desired to do, and then the indignant and insulted gentleman administered to the back of the negro a 'dressing' that he will have occasion to remember some time hence.—Maddened justice forgets the dictates of law in a case of this kind, and personally we can see no reason why it should not."

A SOTTISQUY.—We last night in our walks overtook a gentleman whose conversation with himself seemed to us very uncomplimentary. "What," said he, "me drunk! I drunk! drunk again! Well, it is come to a pretty pass! A professional man! raised in good society!—educated in the college! Drunk again! Well, well; this d—old trick 'll be the death of me yet. Cerebral excitement—pulse high—tongue furrowed—hiccup—degraded functions; all come of liquor! Yes, I am a pretty sucker!" This last expression was uttered as the gentleman's hand rested against a fence, and his head fell upon his breast—in deep contrition of course. "I am a pretty sucker!"—*Washington Republican.*

Good sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good nature, by which I mean beneficence, and candor, is the product of right reason, which of necessity will give allowance to the failings of others, by considering that there is nothing perfect in mankind; and by distinguishing that which comes nearest to excellence, though not absolutely free from faults, will certainly produce candour in the judge.

Healthy and Unhealthy Months.—According to sanitary statistics for 1849, the greatest general mortality is in the month of July, the least in November; but in consumptive cases, the greatest number of deaths are in January and February, and the least in August.